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Saturday, *July* 11, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

(CONTINUED.)

HIS affairs being settled, Mr. NORTON and EDWARD began their journey on horseback. Mr. NORTON had regained his wonted tranquillity; and endeavoured to entertain his youthful companion, who, he plainly perceived was oppressed by grief. EDWARD, out of regard to Mr. NORTON, made an effort to conceal his sorrow, and was successful. After travelling several days, they arrived at the place of their destination. As it was late in the evening, EDWARD could not survey the situation of the estate that night; but he examined the house. It was small, and built of logs placed upon one another, the entervening spaces being filled with stone and mortar; it was furnished with the few things the servant had brought. Early next morning, EDWARD arose and went to his window, from which the prospect at once surprized and delighted him: a long winding valley extended before the house, through which a small stream ran, on whose banks were verdant meadows, crowned with grass, on which the cattle were quietly grazing. To the right, arose a hill, whose summit was crowned with lofty oak; and on the left, extensive fields, well cultivated, met the eye. As he was contemplating the scene, he felt all those emotions of pleasure, which rural scenes inspire the heart with. His fancy placed a little cottage in the vale; he imagined himself united to his MARY, and that they dwelt in that sequestered spot; where nightingales should lull them to sleep, and the early lark arouse them with her notes of praise. From this agreeable reverie he was awakened by being called to breakfast; and descending, found Mr. NORTON waiting his appearance.

Mr. NORTON immediately began to arrange matters in a proper manner for conducting his new business: to EDWARD he gave the employment of superintending his place; and an old tenant, who had lived on the estate for several years, with the assistance of the servant, was sufficient to cultivate it. This morning Mr. NORTON and EDWARD, accompanied by the old man, whose name was JOHN, went out to view the grounds. After passing several fields, they came to a wood, and proposed entering it, to shield themselves from the heat of the sun beneath the vendant branches. The old man hesitated; and, addressing himself to Mr. NORTON, said,—"I think them woods be far more pleasanter, sir," pointing to some at a little distance. However, his companions were not of his opinion, but continued to advance; when the old man cried—"For God's sake, gentlemen, come back." They now turned to enquire the reason of this exclamation; when he entreated them not to go any farther, "because they say as how the woods be haunted." They laughed at the old man's apprehension, and desired him to come along, and fear nothing; but he declared, with terror in his countenance, he would not advance one step in the wood for a king's ransom. Mr. NORTON first endeavoured to laugh him out of his belief; but finding that ineffectual, he said—"I should be glad to know who are the propagators of this idle story." To which JOHN made this answer;—"You must know as how, sir, neighbour GILES was coming along *here*, in the woods *yonder*, about three years ago, and he see'd something com'd along the path; it was all black, and as big as three men;—but he says as how he could not see plain, for he was mortally frightened: so, as I was saying, sir, he *see'd* it, and *hallow'd* out, "who's there?" so with that it started off, harder than a horse could run; and neighbour GILES had like to have fainted, for all he is'n't an *overly* coward. And after that neighbour BLACKSTONE see'd it; and neighbour HOSKINS; and so did my wife JOAN; and I did *think* I hear'd queer noises once, and it frightened me *tarnationsly*."

Finding JOHN determined, they entered without him, notwithstanding he even fell on his knees and besought them to desist. As it was a warm day in June, they felt extremely refreshed by the salubrious air; and having explored several parts of the wood, they returned home, and found JOHN mourning, and his wife crying; who were astonished and rejoiced at seeing them again in safety; and entreated them never to venture again, since Heaven had so *miraculously* preserved their lives this once.

This occurrence was a subject of much contemplation to EDWARD; for, although he disbelieved that any thing supernatural had occurred, yet he thought some wicked wag in the neighbourhood had diverted himself at his neighbours' expence, by imposing on their credulity; and he resolved to discover him, if possible, and punish him for the terror he had excited. This plan he communicated to WILLIAM, the servant, who being a young man of good understanding, and untainted with the prejudices common to ignorant persons, readily promised to give his assistance, and to make such enquiries and observations as might enable them to discover the actor of this farce. For a long time his enquiries were

of no avail; for the answers were the same in substance with old John's account, altho' a number "did think," with him, that they heard "queer noises" sometimes. It happened one evening, that William being alone in the wood, heard a footstep approaching along the path; he turned round and beheld a man habited in black, who, on perceiving him, fled. William pursued, but soon lost sight of him; and, as the shades of night began to fall thick around him, he returned, and communicated his discovery to EDWARD.—This opened a new field of conjecture, for no man resided in that neighbourhood, who dressed in black; and William was confident that he had not mistaken the colour. As human nature, especially in youth, is fond of any thing which carries a mysterious appearance, and pursues it with eagerness, EDWARD engaged in this enterprise with a determination not to be disheartened by difficulties, but to persevere until the mystery should be elucidated.

About this time, a report spread through the neighbourhood, which struck terror into the hearts of the people: it was said that a gang of desperate robbers infested these parts, and that numbers had lately been plundered by them. Upon these facts being confirmed, Mr. NORTON determined to fortify the house; and, in order to procure arms, EDWARD and he set out on horseback for the nearest town, where those articles were to be bought. They started in the afternoon; and, towards evening, as they were riding slowly along, perceived two horsemen advancing, who, on their approach, drew each a pistol, and demanded our travellers' purses. Mr. NORTON knew it would be in vain to resist, and therefore delivered what money he had, on which they rode off. He now turned back, as he was deprived of money, without which he could not procure what they wanted. They had not proceeded far, until the sky, which before had been clear, began to be overcast with clouds: soon the sun was hid behind the sable mantle, and the distant thunder was faintly heard. They spurred their horses forward to seek for shelter; but before they reached any habitation, the clouds opened, and the rain poured upon them; the thunder became louder, and the wind whistled through the branches of the trees. At length they reached a house, and knocking, the door was opened; they requested shelter from the storm, and were permitted to enter, although with evident reluctance. In the house, round a good fire, were seated an old man and woman, and two young girls, one of whom had risen to admit our travellers. The old man went out to secure their horses; and, when he returned, attempted to enter into conversation with them, while they dried their clothes. Mr. NORTON related the adventure that had befallen him; and described the robbers minutely, to which account the old man listened very attentively, not without an expression of fear, mingled with malice in his countenance; which Mr. NORTON remarked. The conversation now took another turn; when suddenly the sound of horses' feet were heard advancing; every countenance betrayed evident marks of emotion, and one of the girls left the room. Presently voices were heard,—the horses turned,—and the noise became fainter and more distant. When the young woman returned, the old man asked, with a significant look, "Who was that, Jenny?"—To which she replied, returning the glance, "that they were travellers, who had mistaken their way, and were enquiring the road to Windsor. Mr. NORTON and EDWARD had observed all these occurrences with anxiety; the former concealed his suspicions; and, assuming an air of unconcern, began to talk of indifferent subjects; but EDWARD was unable to prevent his countenance from betraying his thoughts, and Mr. NORTON frequently caught the family watching his motions.

At length came the hour of retiring to rest, and, as the storm had not abated its fury, they were necessitated to lodge here. The old man made an offer of a bed; which Mr. NORTON would gladly have refused, and slept by the fire, had he not thought that by this conduct, he should reveal his suspicions: he, therefore, accepted the bed, and retired thither with EDWARD, in whose ear he whispered these words, "be quiet and watch." Neither of them closed their eyes, but in silent expectation lay waiting the event.

About midnight, the door of a closet in the room turned slowly on its hinges, and a human form, which could not be seen distinctly, by reason of the darkness, appeared slowly advancing towards the bed. A thousand ideas, dreadful and confused, took possession of the minds of Mr. NORTON and EDWARD, who doubted not but that they were intended as victims to the safety of the robbers. Mr. NORTON at first thought of jumping up and seizing the assassin; but when he reflected, that he was entirely defenceless, and his opponent, in all probability well armed, besides having others to assist him, he gave up the idea. He did not, however, abandon himself to despair, but silently commended himself to the protection of that gracious Being, whose arm had hitherto supported him. As for EDWARD, he would certainly have sprung out of bed, had not his friend, by gently laying his hand on him, prevented it: he obeyed the signal, and watched, not without emotions of fear, the gradual progress of the figure.—In a moment the sound of a number of horses was heard, who seemed to advance with the utmost rapidity. The figure paused, and then suddenly vanished, leaving them bewildered in doubt and perplexity.

(To be continued.)

Ali and Orasmin;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

An Oriental Tale.

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(CONCLUDED.)

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ALI sunk down senseless. On his recovery, Orasmin continued—"From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprived me of all hope of possessing the sorceress Amine, I determined on revenge—not a common revenge, that was always at hand—I waited with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred, and I have obtained it! I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy *private murder!* Murder! I say; for—O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And must I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will, O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my *friend*, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Orasmin, "thou never hadst! Thy wife and child—But, hold!—I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!"—"Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child, knowest thou any thing of them?" Orasmin smiled contemptuously. "Speak, only say if thou knowest ought of them!"—"I will say nothing," replied he, "uncertainty will encrease thy pangs. Prepare for death!—Slaves!"—The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view, Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine. "Secure that

fiend!" cried the Sultan; and instantly Orasmin was loaded with irons. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each other's arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate sullenness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. "Alla! Alla! Alla!" repeated the recovering Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone, in a mean, gloomy apartment, the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one but a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening. I listened; and discovered that he was compelling that generous youth Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours. When I found Orasmin was gone, I entreated the youth to liberate me; instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had overheard, and promised to protect me. He discovered with indignation, that himself was also a prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless endeavors to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

"We soon learned, that you were imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend."—"And behold me," interrupted the Sultan, "ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment he had prepared for thee! for, by Alla's self I swear, this night shall be his last!"—"My fate is just!" said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. "But, before I die, let me make what repararion is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim; I restore thee thy long lost son!" Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a pardon for the culprit. "Ask not a pardon," said Orasmin, which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; tho' fortune never, till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes; and, to make him the source of his father's death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee, yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death, and tortures, pleasant to me. I only revealed him to thee, to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach; but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and, unseen by thee, changed the cups."

"I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Orasmin. "Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!" "Hence with him!" said Mustapha. And then led Amine and Ibrahim out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband's honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompensed Amine for all her sorrows.

An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow-subjects—Ali lived long, beloved and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of truth—"The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I was much pleased with the observations of the *Free-thinker*, in the 33d No. of your Repository: so evident is the truth of his propositions, so enlightened his judgment, and so philantropic his heart, that undoubtedly he has flashed conviction on every mind, and you may expect shortly to hear that all the debating societies in Philadelphia have dissolved. Yet I hope he will excuse me for thinking he has not gone far enough. He admits, that some good may flow from debating societies; but my opinion is, that no good can flow from any institution, which tends to make the lower grades of society wiser. I agree with my free-thinking friend, "that all men possess some portion of self-conceit, and the less knowledge they have, the more they wish its value *illegally* augmented." At first, indeed, I must acknowledge, I was a good deal puzzled about, how a man could illegally increase his knowledge; although I knew he might illegally increase his wealth by cheating his neighbour; but at last I met with another sentence, which explained my difficulty—"It gives men a superficial idea of things, and an unwarrantable presumption to the acquaintance of objects out of their line." Joining these together, I found it hit my mind exactly, for I believe, that poor mechanics, labourers, and clerks, ought not to think about any thing, religion, law, or politics, because, you know, the knowledge of religion is held by exclusive privilege as the right of the clergy; law is the right of the lawyers, and politics belong to statesmen.

And should the groveling herd of society, dare to think and talk on these subjects, it would be *illegally* augmenting their knowledge, or at least illegally desiring to augment it; and it would give them an unwarrantable acquaintance with objects entirely out of their line. I wish my friend had said *subjects*, but as I think he is lawyer, I make no doubt but he can clearly prove that object is subject, and subject, object. But I am convinced, by his shrewd observations, that to seek after knowledge as a hid treasure, is a council not given to all, but only to certain grades in society; and for the future am resolved to give my conscience into the hands of the *priest*, my property into the hands of the *lawyer*, and politics I'll have nothing to do with, because it would be stepping unwarrantably out of my line; and I make no doubt that if Mr. Free-thinker would think fit to continue his numbers, but he would be able to persuade the lower grades of society to read no newspapers, Repositories, or Port-Folios, because to read would keep them from their *employments*; his coat might not be finished, the tradesman would be unwarrentably stepping out of *his line*; and it would be wishing *illegally* to increase his knowledge. Now Mr. Hogan, should this

enlightened writer proceed, he would undoubtedly make us a happy people, because we would soon be as ignorant as he could wish.

You, I suppose, remember how happy the European world was before that foolish fellow Luther set men a thinking. Ignorant of religion, they implicitly believed whatever was told them by the clergy, and willingly bent their necks to the chains of tyranny. Anderson, in his views of the French revolution, says, " that it was owing to the increase of learning among the lower grades of society ;" and we certainly will agree with him—Cobler stick to thy last, is our motto,—and no man should be permitted to speak on any subject, unless that subject embraced, in some degree, his own calling.

Although I agree thus far with my friend, yet I cannot subscribe to all his assertions ; but I hope he will solve my difficulties in his next. I think lawyers assuredly have a right to form societies ; but I do not see how they have a better chance of having members of purer moral characters, than a society formed of the sons of Vulcan or Crispin : for assuredly, there is no society in which you may find men of looser manners and more corrupt morals ; and although I am pointedly against not only debating societies, but all other institutions by which the common people may be induced to think, yet I cannot agree with him, that they ought to be abolished ; for if one society might be abolished, so might another—Lawyer Societies, Physical Societies, Printer's Societies, Thespian Societies, spouting Societies, Musical Societies ; and if this were the case, I do not know what would be the consequence. I have, Mr. Hogan, had serious thoughts about petitioning our next Assembly for to pass a law for the advancement of *ignorance*, and as my Free-thinking friend and I jumps so near in judgment, I hope he will lend his aid. And one thing may undoubtedly encourage us,—these several years, they have had constantly before them a bill for the advancement of education, and have made no progress ; now our bill shall be entitled, a " bill for the abolishment of societies, and encouragement ignorance."

I have also endeavoured to become acquainted with the boxing-story, so well told by my friend ; but all the debating societies deny any such occurrence. Had it not been for one circumstance, it might have happened among the lawyers ; but they admit of neither taylors or coblers ; unless, therefore, it be an allegory, it must be (one of our enemies would say, a falsehood, or perhaps something worse ; but I say a twang, by the way of embellishment ;) an allegory. A lawyer may be very well called a taylor : for, 1st, he makes *suits*, and of each he generally keeps pretty large *remnants*—they both take measure, the one of the person, the other of the purse ; and quarrelling gives generally both a job. Secondly a lawyer may well be called a cobbler—both stick to the *last ;* the cobbler uses an awl, and the lawyer often takes all—the cobbler is employed on shoes, and the lawyer sues—This is my opinion, but I may be mistaken.

A FOE TO THINKING.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

MR. HOGAN,

IN your Repository of Saturday last, I read an Address of Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, to his fair Pupils, delivered on the 27th ult. ; which gave me great gratification. Altho' it does but little more than express his intention of introducing into his school the study of Rhetoric and the Belles-Lettres, and also holds out some of the principal inducements for the cultivation of this elegant branch of science ; it is nevertheless so concise and forcible, and yet so comprehensive and clear, as that, while it invites and persuades the Pupils, it cannot fail to impress the public mind with favorable sentiments towards the Tutor, with respect to his taste, judgment, capacity and diligence. Indeed, the bare introduction, or even the suggestion of an introduction, of this study to the amiable part of the creation, at that period of life when the deepest and most lasting impressions are generally made, is, of itself, truly meritorious, and will, I am confident, receive the commendation of every well-wisher to the happiness of society : and, with respect to the beneficial consequences of its cultivation, Parents may, from that unremitting assiduity by which Mr. NEAL has thus far conducted their daughters, enjoy the most delightful anticipation, as to that success, which will render them happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them. To a reflecting and generous mind, it must occasion deep regret, to find that our sex have been either so stupid, so proud, or so blind to their own interests, as to disregard the solid foundation of their own happiness, by neglecting the improvement of the female mind. I presume no person, at this day, will attempt to deny that the influence of the FEMALE SEX upon Religion, Morals, Manners, in fact, upon every department of life, is almost incalculable ; if he does, a reference to the history of ages, his own daily observations on mankind, nay his own heart, will convince him of his sad mistake. We all know, because we feel (altho' we have too much pride or vanity, or both, to acknowledge the honest truth) that it is to woman, lovely woman, the *primum mobile*, as to this world, the " soul of life, and life of bliss," that we are indebted for all our blessings, for our very existence, and all that is worth living for. 'Tis SHE alone who has the uncontrollable power over us, to mould or form us according to her pleasure. SHE can polish, refine, improve, exalt and dignify our being, transform the bed of thorns, sickness, disquietudes and cares, into a bed of roses, health, vivacity and joy ; spread throughout this vale of tears the bowers of Paradise, and impart to us a foretaste of those ever-blooming sweets, and that state of ever-during blessedness, which we fondly expect, or to which we ardently aspire. In short, her power is co-extensive with human nature ; her empire is over Man, altho' he is stiled the Lord of the Creation; and, when the intellect is enlightened by science, improved by knowledge, and sublimed by reason, *(the sure and solid basis for which can never be laid but in youth,)* her reign converts earth into heaven itself. The dictates of every unbiassed and unvitiated mind will readily declare, that this is an important truth, and therefore it ought to sink deep into the hearts of all, but more especially of parents, whose duty, honour, interest, and happiness are intimately and inseparably connected with it. Let us all, then, from the highest public character, to the lowest private citizen, cheerfully and cordially unite our souls and exertions, for promoting the improvement of the mental faculties of Females, on which so much depends, and from which so much may be expected to flow ; ever impressed with the conviction that we are thereby actually serving ourselves, doing the most essential good to our children, and benefitting the great family of mankind. Let us patronize every institution, and cherish every means of education, that is calculated to effect the attainment of an object of so much consequence, and so truly desirable ; whether we view it as relating to the present, or as extending to future generations. For my part, I cannot believe that there is a father or mother in the universe, but what would wish to see a child happy, beloved

by the good, a pattern of virtue, and an ornament to society; and there is nothing more plain, more simple, nor more easy than this: 'Tis only to take the child in its early years, when the mind is susceptible of the fairest impressions; and, in a proper manner, as the Poet of Nature beautifully points out—

" ————To rear the tender thought;
" To teach the young idea how to shoot;
" To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind;
" To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit; and to fix
" The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast."

Let us likewise for ever carry with us the salutary reflection,—which, though a proverb, is not the less true nor forcible,—That, to render the currents clear and pure, it is first necessary to clear and purify the fountain from which they flow.

AN ADVOCATE FOR THE FAIR.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Modern Trifler.

BEAD II.

A SERIOUS TRIFLE.

AND now, Mr. Critic, in fulfilment of my promise, about a string of Trifles, I will begin where other people generally end, that is by giving you the tail first. This, to be sure, is inverting common order, and deviating from your methodical arrangement; but what great things can you expect from a Trifler, who must necessarily be desultory, and who, to amuse or divert, must have at command all the shapes of Proteus, and all the colours of the camelion? And, besides, sir, "a man may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," according to the proverb, and my subject chimes in with the opinions of the gay and polite circles; therefore, I shall be considered as a man of taste and fashion, and my Trifles will consequently be read, when your Criticisms, Lucubrations, &c. "*coldly correct and regularly dull*," will lie mouldering away on some obscure shelf or other. But, away with ceremony—let us to the subject.

RELIGION!——Here, friendly reader, bear with me a moment, for being so *very impolite* as to approach this sacred deity with humility and reverence—If it be a weakness, as some call it, it is a weakness that makes me happy here, and gives me the best prospect of happiness hereafter. You yourself probably have some favourite weakness, according to the opinions of others: let us, therefore, be mutually tolerant, and ever indulgent to each other; the consequences will lie at our own doors——*Religion*, then, sir, is the Trifle that is to be the subject of this trifling essay. I at present denominate it a Trifle, according to custom, and merely to please the polite world, who look upon and treat it as such; when I speak of it for myself, I consider it as the most *serious* thing on earth, both in its nature and effects: Hence, you will see the propriety of my title, SERIOUS TRIFLE. Let us now try to understand what Religion is.

Religion, I take to be, that emanation from GOD—No, that word won't do; for *Mr. Dupont* and many *learned gentlemen* have sometime since proved, as far as their language and conduct could prove, that, according to their wishes, there is no GOD.—Well then, if you chuse, I will define Religion to be that grateful elevation of the soul—But here I am as bad off again as before; for the celebrated proselytes to the celebrated modern philosophy, with the celebrated Joseph Priestly, L. L. D. F. R. S. A. B. C. D. &c. at their head, can, in the twinkling of an eye, make it appear as plain as the nose on one's face, that man has no more soul than a stick or a stone.—Bless us, what it is to have learning!—But I must try again—I will therefore call Religion that certain something—Stop! cries Berkley, with his legion of visionaries at his heels, you must not say certain something,—for something signifies matter, and matter does not exist, because *all things are ideal*—and *a fortiori* you must not say certain, for that would refer and apply to matter; whereas, you must know *all is imaginary*.—Well then, let me make one other essay towards a definition—Religion may be termed that aspiration——Friend, bawls out a corpulent Materialist, I must set you right before you proceed any farther—You must know, sir, that the illuminated and illuminating philosophers and metaphysicians of the last century, among whom shone conspicuously, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke and Voltaire, have established the doctrine beyond the possibility of refutation, that *all is matter*; all that we see, feel, hear, taste, smell, understand or speak, is material; all without us, and all within us, our intellects and ratiocinations, our words, and even thoughts, are nothing but matter—and why? because they have proved that man cannot comprehend what *spirit* is; and of course there can be no such thing as spirit.——A plague on all such enlightened reasoners, as balloon-gentry! say I,—they whip a man in an instant into the regions of possibilities, probabilities, suggestions, &c.; involve him in clouds of enquiries, doubts, uncertainties, subtleties, &c. surrounded by a host of visionary demons; and then leave the poor fellow to shift for himself as well as he can. Why, if I go on in this way, I shall get no definition at all—Away then, gentlemen, for the present—Let me, I beseech you, enjoy a few words of *common sense* with my reader; for indeed, neither of us has so much learning and *fine sense*, as to comprehend the extreme nicety of your metaphysical distinctions; nor are we sufficiently illuminated to follow you through all the windings, intricacies, mazes and labyrinths of philosophical disquisition, or philological dissertation. Be assured, however, that you shall very shortly be indulged with many hours conversation with me, in which we will freely, candidly, and plainly communicate with each other, on your favourite subject: and I am confident that we shall find abundant evidence in ourselves, without abstraction, or soaring into the fields of conjecture or hypothesis, to convince us, 1st, That there is a GOD—2nd, That Man has a soul—3rd, That matter and spirit are separate and distinct—4th, That there is such a thing as Religion, however named, modified, felt or practised, and that it must be co-extensive with the existence of every intelligent or rational being—5th, That most certainly there is a *here*—and 6th, That, as certainly there must and will be a *hereafter*.

And now, gentle reader, as we have got a short respite from the company of these illustrious Literati, we will be no longer constrained or formal, but speak as we do in common, and then we shall understand, and be understood the better. As, therefore, these gentlemen have so long diverted me from my subject, and thereby circumscribed both my limits and my time, I shall only consider this as introductory to the ensuing essay. In the mean time, I will just give you my own brief definition of Religion; and implicitly submit to your candour, whether it is in reality so much of a Trifle as the world make it, or take it to be. Religion is that impression which the creature feels from a sense of the goodness of the Creator; and that sense arises from reflecting on the nature and properties of the one, and the nature and attributes of the other. Sometimes it consists in grateful overflowings of the heart, and silent aspirations; at other times it is exhibited in fervent ejaculations, in praise, adoration and public homage, to the Author of life and all its blessings, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," the eternal and inexhaustible Fountain from whence came all that we

are and have, and from whence alone must flow all that we can possibly derive or enjoy. It is the golden chain, that, reaching from heaven to earth, unites man to his Maker; the glorious sun that enlightens and cheers our gloomy habitations; the soul and cement of all the tender charities of life, and finest sensibilities of our nature; the source of all that is near and dear to us; and the everlasting rock on which we may rest for ever, with conscious security and serenity,

"Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
"The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

If this be Religion, (and that it is, I appeal to the heart, rather than the head of every man,) and if this Religion be a Trifle, I think it too serious to be trifled with, or trifled away. I wonder if there is any person or persons among our relatives, friends, or acquaintance, who would wish to destroy or sap the foundation of so fair and goodly a fabric? Reader, reflect, look round, and enquire.

TRISTRAM TRIFLER.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Observer, No. 1.

"Fashion, little flippant thing."

"THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion,"—says the Spectator.

To be a strict follower of fashion, is to be one of the most insignificant creatures in existence. Fashion when carried to its greatest height, is the regulator, not only of the *dress*, but of the *manner of living*, and *habits* of its strict followers. A following *in dress*, of the fashion in a *moderate degree*, is not unbecoming, and is generally attended with agreeable sensations, both to the person himself, and the spectators; for it is the nature of man to be fond of novelty. I shall not at present particularly notice, the *immodest* fashion (to use no harsher expression) that is now prevalent in the dress of our *fashionable* females, neither need I particularly mention what I allude to, for, that is self-evident; yet I cannot but express my disapprobation of such an improper practice.

The regulation of a person's *manner of living* by fashion is a very ridiculous custom; and is frequently repugnant to natural inclinations. A person may be instigated by hunger to a violent degree; yet he is restrained from satiating his appetite, by the foolish practice of waiting 'till a *fashionable* hour. For my part, I follow the principle of a friend of mine, who argues, that *fashion ought to have no jurisdiction over the maw.*

Fashion is frequently the regulator of men's *habits*, as well *bad* as *good*. Among these I shall notice three, that are the most predominant—*swearing*, *intemperance*, and the *immoderate using of tobacco.*

Swearing has become so much in vogue, in these present times, that a man can hardly open his mouth, without swearing. It is practised by men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest; from the legislator to the chimney-sweep. A young friend of mine tells me, that he seldom or ever speaks at home, merely through the fear of *ripping out an oath* before his father; tho', by the by, he says, that nothing is more fashionable than to *beautify* our conversation with a few oaths. It is indeed a very lamentable circumstance, that swearing has become so much practised, that even our *ladies* think it is no degradation to make frequent use of it; and I am sorry to say, that it is quite a common practice.

A young lady of fashion, in this city (who by the by, is a very loud talker) is frequently heard to make use of vile exclamations, and swear like a fish-woman in the public streets, thereby exposing herself to the censure of all modest women, and acquiring the hatred and disesteem of all persons who pay the least regard to decency. It is much to be regretted, that *modesty* is not more in fashion, than at present; for it being directly opposed to all things of a vulgar nature, swearing would of consequence be less practised, and probably be entirely disused by the fair sex. A Roman lady would have blushed at the hearing of such expressions as are commonly made use of by our modern ladies; and a lady of Sparta, would have left a company, in which such expressions were countenanced. Is it not therefore a disgrace, for a people, who profess to be more enlightened in *religion*, in *civilization*, and in learning, to be outdone in *two* of these particulars, by persons who inhabited the world thousands of years ago, in the dark ages of superstition?

Swearing is not only forbidden by the laws of decency, but by the laws of God; especially the taking of the name of our Maker in vain, which is a practice too common. The commandment that prohibits this, is expressed in stronger terms, than any of the other commandments. It is merely said, "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;"—But the third commandment expressly says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold *him* guiltless, that taketh his name in vain." As this is the case, I conceive that this commandment ought to be kept and observed with the utmost strictness.

DIOGENES.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF AFFECTION AND SENSIBILITY.

[From the Calcutta Monthly Journal.]

The following melancholy circumstances occurred a few days ago to the westward:—A native schoolmaster, accompanied by twenty-one boys, his scholars, was passing a branch of the Pallar River, not far from Wallajahbad; at the time of these unfortunates having reached the bank of the river, its bed was nearly dry, and they consequently expected to pass it without the smallest danger; the late heavy rains, however had accumulated into a large and extensive body of water, above the pass, which suddenly breaking through its embankment, rushed impetuously down, and overwhelmed the unsuspecting schoolmaster, and his innocent pupils, with immediate destruction. Two boys with their master, alone reached the opposite bank of the river, but one of them so much exhausted, that he died in a few minutes after he had touched the shore. The poor schoolmaster stood on the bank, and gazed upon his dying pupils, in all the agonies of despair, "and who," said he, "shall tell this dreadful tale to the fathers and to the mothers of the children?—I never can." After this pathetic exclamation, he stood some few moments, exhibiting a speechless figure of unutterable grief—then plunged into the flood, and instantly perished.

The surviving boy soon recovered, and carried the afflicting tale to the house of the schoolmaster; when his wife, with that desperation, which sometimes marks the otherwise mild character of the Asiatics, threw herself into a deep well, and was drowned ere assistance could be given.

LAW ANECDOTE.

Two men, possessing each a laudable measure of spunk, went to law about an oyster, and impleaded each other by learned attornies; and having suffered a variety of disappointments and torments from abatements, demurers, &c. the final verdict was given, which was, that the oyster being opened, the meat should be divided among the honourable court and lawyers, and the clients, or parties should jointly be entitled to the shell!

The Temple of Hilarity.

Avaunt! Melancholy, thou daughter of care,
Sad nurse of affliction, of sorrow and pain;
Let cheerfulness, sweetest companion, appear,
While joy, mirth and jollity dance in her train.
With her Love and Friendship, man sure must be blest,
She gilds with bright prospect our gloomies hours:
"Since life is no more than a passage at best,"
Why, then, "let us strew the way over with flowers."

AMYNTOR.

ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

A Certain Quaker, (very rich and very obstinate,) constantly rode every evening to a village not far from London, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook for a wager to make friend Aminidab, for once, at least, give way, without using any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock,) the young fellow set out on horse-back, and, soon seeing the Quaker at a distance, rode on, till his horse's nose touched that of the Quaker's; when both stopped, and sat sometime looking at each other. At length the buck, with great composure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a pistol tinder-box; then leaning his elbow upon the pummel of his saddle, smoaked it out very deliberately, looking steadfastly all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker seeing, immediately turned his horse's head, saying as he passed his opponent, "Friend thou beest a very obstinate fellow."

OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'-œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the Dr. one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made!—"How so, Jack?" says the Doctor, "Why," says Jack, "the Dutchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he said to himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that, "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawn-brokers, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the Doctor very generously sent him.

The following Enigmatical Lines were handed in by a Gentlemon a few days ago, and contain a handsome piece of Poetry. It is hoped some ingenious Correspondent will furnish a Key for decyphering them.

Urt rtzqztee ginyzmld gnutiqmzzni uingt.
Cixp urt cmieu qtimxb xc rme itquzt ingt.
Gzxurb ml bmerxlxi xl urt ztnch eqinh
Slettl rt ytnie rme emztlu pxsie nynh.
Umzz enummun dixyl xc nll urnu zmct esqqzmte
Etzeunsdru urt oxzslunih pniuhi bmte.
Bttq slbti tniur rme bniwzmld gxsiet rt tilbe
Nlb ux urt uxpf n ymzzmld dsteu btegtlbe
Urtit zxld etfz shtb ml rme zxltnh gtzz.
Cxidtue urt exl nlb fmbe urt yxizb cnitytz
Xti urt ymbt yr cu urt ynluih utpqteue itmdl
Nlb bimomld elxye sesiq urt cixkl qznml
Ml onml urt utpqteue ftnue urt yrmizymlb fzxye
Lx euxipe gnl omxznut rme dinote itqxet.
Fsu yrtl itoxzomld pxlure rnot yml urtmi ynh
Yrtl epmze urt yxxbe nlb yrtl urt ktqrhie qznh
Yrtl znsdre urt omomb yxizb ml espptie fzxxp
Rt fsieue nlb czmte uimspqrnlu cixp urt uxpf
Nlb yrmzt rme ltz fxil fnsumte rt bmebqznhe
Ymur gxlegmxse vxh rme nzutitb cxip esiothe
Pniw yrmzt rt pxote npmburt esllh ftnp
Xti rme excu ymlde urt onihmld zseuit dztnp
Znslgrb mlux nmi xl qsiqzt ymlde rt exnie
Dnh lnusite cngt ymur ynluxl dznlgt tjqzxite
Qixsb xc rme onimxse fnsumte ymlde rme ynh
Nlb eqxmze urt enmiteu czxytie rmpetzc pxit cnmi urnl urth
Nlb bttpe ytnw pnl urt csnsit qixpmet onml
Yrtl yxipe gnl bmt nlb dzximxse imet ndnml?

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 11, 1801.

When harmony of person and of mind
Is with its kindred harmony combin'd;
Where love and reason join a worthy pair,
And friendship and endearment are their care;
'Tis a fair miniature of EDEN's bow'rs,
Where grew the fruits of bliss and pleasure's flow'rs
But oh! how painful is the sad reverse!
Each pleasure's poison, and each bliss a curse.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....At Baltimore, on the 30th ult. Mr. Walter Jenkins, merchant, to Miss Catharine Gillmeyer...On the 3d inst. Mr. John M'Intire, merchant, to Miss Eliza Hall,—all of that place.

HOPE FOR THE DESPONDING.

.....At Killingsworth, (Mass.) Mr. Jedediah Harris, aged 75, to Miss Hannah Hull, aged 35!

.....At South-Amboy, on the 15th ult. Mr. Joseph Hall, aged 56, to Miss Patience Gulick, aged 60!

Hark! 'tis the solemn sounding awful bell,
That for some mortal tolls the funeral knell,
Swiftly the hours, but man still swifter flies;
Life he receives to-day, to-morrow dies.
DEATH levels all—E'en now he bends his bow;
And none of us can tell which first shall go:
Spirit Divine! then, guide our arduous way,
Through this dark world, to worlds of perfect day.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 8th inst. Mrs. Laidley, wife of Mr. James Laidley, mercer taylor.

.....At Abington, (Mont. C.) Miss Mary Tyson, aged 21 years.

.....At his house on the York side of Wright's ferry, on the 25th ult. Captain James Stake. This gentleman served as an officer, with honour and reputation during the American Revolution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Commentator, No. 15.*" came too late for this week's Repository

"*S. F.*'s" poetical pieces will be attended to—his enigma however will require an answer before it is published.

"*A Free Writer,*" will find his remarks chiefly anticipated by a "*Foe to Thinking,*" in the present number.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 9th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.*

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

DORMOUSE;

OR, THE TRANSMUTATION.

A POETICAL EFFUSION.

PART FIRST.

GENIUS of dullness! aid my daring flight,
To reach the confines of the murky night.
Where, wrapt in vapour and eternal gloom,
No ray of wit the darkness to illume,
Th'on'd in majestic state, great Folly waves
Her potent sceptre o'er her humble slaves.
There grant to me thy dullest muse's aid,
To picture every fool of every grade;
The poet, fop, the author and free-thinker,
From the least silly, up to Johnny ———.
See all these characters in one combin'd,
Without one shining virtue of the mind:
In vice mature, tho' in the bloom of youth,
His venom'd tongue ne'er own'd the force of truth; (wound
But arm'd with envy's sting, he strives to
Fair virtue's semblance whereso'er 'tis found;
Shrouded in darkness to escape the *cane*,
He there securely stabs another's fame.
Destin'd no good man's praises to obtain,
By nature base, from education vain,
He seeks by writing to display his parts,
But only shews the insidious villain's arts,
To bring all others to his hateful level,
And in good company go to the d——.
Such DORMOUSE is; his history while young
Shall by the honour'd muse be briefly sung;
Who pleas'd to be employ'd on such a theme,
Shall paint with justice every varying scene.

When first his opening genius gave him hope, (Pope;
That he in time, would prove a second
When his career of glory was begun,
And with delight great Folly view'd her son
Display his talents in most charming metre,
And pen heroic poems to black Peter;
The first idea that perplex'd his brain,
Was how he came possess'd of human frame?
What fav'ring power, to genius a friend,
Drew him from chaos mankind to amend?
By bright example, and heroic deeds,
To pluck from useful plants the cumb'ring weeds.
When lo! in all her majesty appears
The queen of Folly, blooming, tho' in years,
And thus addressing, from his doubt relieves
Her favour'd son, who joyfully believes.

"Disperse the gloom which thus involves thy mind,
Be satisfied thou'rt now of human kind.
Where whirlwinds rage, beneath those flaming skies
Where man expires, and vegetation dies,
On Afric's plain, far from the human race,
Whose fears, well-founded, shun the hateful place,
Thy being first began, and there thy days
Were spent beneath sol's penetrating rays;
'Till urged by quenchless thrist o'er wilds to roam,
In search of some more habitable home,
Thy monkey comrades, with thyself, prepare
To seek more temp'rate skies and purer air.
At length secure, all toils and dangers o'er,
The grinning race, supplied with plenteous store
Of every fruit the torrid climate yields,
In merry gambols, wanton o'er the fields.
Here thy uncommon folly struck my sight;
Thy peaceful spirit careful of the fight,
Thy love of ease, which bade thee ever shun
Thy noisy play-mates, fond of boisterous fun,
That often caus'd thy tears of grief to flow,
The consequence of some too painful blow;
With joy I saw thee fitted for my care,
And instant doom'd that thou my crown should'st heir.
My potent wand I wav'd around thy head—
The monkey lay, to all appearance dead;
No mourning friends for thy departure grieve,
But of thee take, with joy, their final leave.
Again you move, by transmutation rare,
You next appear to view—a savage bear.
'Till polish'd by my care, you quickly shed
Your shaggy locks, and all the monster's fled;
Endow'd with th' reas'ning powers of the mind,
You rank yourself amongst the human kind.
Made by my arts upon two legs to go,
And from a monkey changed to a beau.
Now by my pow'r endow'd with subtle arts,
You sally forth in quest of ladies' hearts;
At your approach all rival-fools outdone
In folly, yield to my superior son."

Thus spake great Folly, when she DORMOUSE leaves,
And with her car the fields of æther cleaves,
'Till soaring far beyond all human sight,
She greets the gloomy regions of the night.
Her fav'rite's brain in mad confusion hurl'd,
In Folly's vortex all his thoughts are whirl'd;
'Till to a chaos his poor head she turns,
And his vile heart with mad ambition burns.

But now the sun declining from the sky,
To sweet repose the wearied labourers fly,
And mighty DORMOUSE climbs his lofty bed,
Where Somnus strew'd his poppies o'er his head:
Here, while encircled in the arms of sleep,
When nought occurs to make him laugh or weep,
The tired muse her noble strain shall cease,
And once again enjoy the boon of peace,
'Till from her slumbers rous'd by dawning day,
He bids her to renew the vocal lay.

J. K.

WIT AT A PINCH.

A Country-girl one morning went,
To market with a pig,
The little curl-tail, not content,
Squeel'd out a merry jig.

A gentleman, who passed by,
Laugh'd much, and jeering spoke,
I wonder, Miss, your child will cry,
When wrapt up in your cloak.

Why, Sir, quite pert, the girl replies,
So bad a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries,
Whene'er he sees his daddy.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE NINTH ODE, THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

[By a Student in the University of Pennsylvania.]

HENRY.

WHILST I with love's persuasive charms
Could animate your tender breast;
Whilst round your neck entwine my arms,
Not Galilia's monarch was so blest.

JULIA.

Whilst you ador'd none else but me,
Nor 'liza's charms had mine surpass'd;
Whilst I was thought the fairest she,
Not Russia's empress was so blest.

HENRY.

'Liza now is mistress of my heart,
Her mein and voice attractive are;
For her with life I'd freely part,
If death the lovely maid would spare.

JULIA.

How happy and how blest am I,
That can the youthful Edward charm;
So blest—I'd ne'er refuse to die,
To save the noble youth from harm.

HENRY.

But what if love and Hymen kind,
Our broken vows again unite;
If 'liza's banish'd from my mind,
And Julia should retrieve her right?

JULIA.

Though Edward shine like morning star,
And you like raging Boreas prove,
As fickle too, yet I'd prefer,
With thee to die, or living love. NEP.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MODESTY.

HAIL, soft-ey'd *Modesty!* of placid mein,
Of beauteous form, sweet temper, gentle air,
Virtue's concomitant with mind serene,
Nature's own self, and glory of the fair.

'Tis thou who with true merit loves to dwell:
By thee, the virgin captivates the heart;
Thine origin divine, sweet blushes tell,
While her cheeks glow beyond the tints of art.

The smile receives its ev'ry grace from thee;
If thou preside, the kiss ambrosia gives:
When thou art present, all is symmetry;
Where thou art wanting, scarce one virtue lives.

Celestial goddess! of ætherial birth,
In golden ages with our being giv'n,
Once more, in pity, deign to dwell on earth,
Or take MIRANDA and thy *few* to heav'n.

AMYNTOR.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*

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MEDICINE CHESTS, for Shipping, and private families, with plain and approved directions, are always kept ready at the above place.

MAY 16. tf.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Humourous Description of Mortality, said to be wrote by Dean Swift.

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances; which I shall with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You'll be surprised at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a banter; but you may depend upon its being actually true; and, if need were, I could bring the parson of the parish to testify the same. You must know then, that at this present time, I live in a little sorry house of clay, (*a*) that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and, what is worst o' all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copy-hold tenure, and the custom of the manor is this: for the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, (*b*) which are kept once a week, and sometimes oftener; for twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose (*c*) every year; and further than this, during the remainder of life, I am to pay a tooth (which you'll say, is a whimsical sort of an acknowledgment,) every two or three years, or oftener if it should be demanded; and if I have nothing more to pay, "Out," must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized.—I might have had my tenement, such as it is, upon much better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great grand-father: (*d*) he and his wife, together with the advice of an ill-neighbour, (*e*) were concerned in robbing an orchard, (*f*) belonging to the lord of the manor, (*g*) and forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure; but, however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair. My kitchen, (*h*) where I dress my victuals, is a little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers much to the purpose it was designed, and that's enough. My parrets, (*i*) (or rather cock-lofts) are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in. The worst part of the story is, it costs me a great deal every year in thatching; (*k*) for, as my building stands pretty much exposed to the wind and weather, the covering you know must decay faster than ordinary; however, I make shift to rub on in my little way, and when rent day (*l*) comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can.

(*a*) His body. (*b*) Divine service. (*c*) The colour of his cheek. (*d*) Adam and Eve. (*e*) The devil. (*f*) Paradise. (*g*) Jehovah. (*h*) His stomach. (*i*) His head. (*k*) Cloaths. (*l*) His death.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or what you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, (*a*) remarkable for nothing but being instrumental in advancing the reputation of a great man in Abchurch-line*; but be this as it will, I have one snug apartment (*b*) that lies on the left side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends: It is very warm, where you'll always be a welcome guest; and you may depend upon a lodging as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of J. S.

P. S. This room that I value so much, was set on fire (*c*) once, and my whole building in danger of being demolished, by an unlucky boy (*d*) throwing his lighted torch in at the window, the casement happening to be open.—I must not forget to tell you, that the person (*e*) who is sent about to gather our quit-rents before-mentioned, is a queer, little, old, round-shouldered fellow, with scarce any hair upon his head; which grotesque figure, together with his invidious employments, makes him generally slighted, and oftimes much abused. He has a prodigious stomach of his own; whatever he gets, it goes all into his unrighteous maw, which makes a fool of the ostrich for digestion; he continually exercising his grinders upon one thing or another, and yet he is as poor as a rake, and by that means goes so light that he is often at a man's heels before he thinks of him; he is very absolute and ready in executing his commission; and has a relation, one Tide, a Waterman (*f*) that is full as saucy and peremptory as himself. If you meet with either of them, and cry out "Stop a little," the devil a moment they'll stay.

(*a*) The worms. * Probably alluding to some physician or quack doctor, resident in that place, who might at that time be famous for curing those vermin in the body. (*b*) The heart. (*c*) By love. (*d*) Cupid. (*e*) Time. This description is elegant, and the slighting and abusing time, the teeth of time, and man's abuse of that precious jewel, even when he is at his heels, *i. e.* death, reminds me of a line I have somewhere seen, "Every moment of time is a monument of God's mercy." (*f*) The author, no doubt, had the old proverb in his thought, viz. "Time and Tide will stay for no man."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON THE CRIMINAL INDULGENCE OF OUR PASSIONS.

THE pernicious effects which flow from the unlimited or unlawful indulgence of many of our passions, naturally leads a reflecting mind to enquire, whether we are justifiable in indulging them?—Those who contend that we are, argue thus: By indulging them we act agreeable to the dictates of nature, and consequently in obedience to the will of our Creator, who created us subject to passions, that the indulgence of them might contribute to our happiness; and thence infer that we act perfectly with the will of our Creator, by indulging them. These arguments appear at first view extremely plausible; but it is not very difficult to discover their weakness and fallacy; and certainly those who entertain such notions, have never investigated the subject with that attention which its importance merits. Neither can I believe they have ever considered the effects which a general adherence to this opinion would produce on the morals of society. That we are naturally subject to passions, I will not attempt to deny; neither will I deny, that they may be indulged in a lawful manner; but they ought to be governed and controlled by our reason, and by religion. By all (Christians at least) it is admitted, that man is by nature depraved; and it naturally follows, that when he acts agreeable to the dictates of nature, in many cases, a certain degree of depravity will mark his actions. Man alone enjoys the inestimable gift of reason; his bountiful Creator has furnished him with rational powers infinitely superior to the rest of the mundane creation. Man he formed after his own image, and gave immortality to his soul. He is enabled to judge of actions and their consequences; and surely these blessings were not lavished upon him for no purpose—Much less is reason given us, to be subjected to the turbulent and stormy passions, which enter into our composition; but to govern them, and, if necessary, to subdue them, that they may contribute to our happiness.

We indulge well-grounded hopes of a glorious, of a happy futurity: we are likewise taught to fear the existence of a state of future misery; we are taught the means whereby to avoid the latter, and enjoy the former; the way to happiness is open, and it is in our power, to enjoy for ever a state of unalterable bliss, or to groan for ever under eternal punishment,—and on us must and will fall the consequences of our conduct. It appears, then, to me, that the unlimited indulgence of our passions, is not only a crime, but an actual degradation of our dignity as rational beings. What is man when under the influence of his passions? He acts like an irrational being; and his crime is increased, because he knows it is contrary to the dictates of reason and religion.

A conversation I had lately with a friend on this subject has given rise to the above remarks. They may, perhaps, convey a few hints to some of your correspondents, whose abilities and leisure will permit him to give the subject a fuller investigation.

ABEL RILAHRMAM.

DESORMEAUX'S Patent Clarified Liquid

CHINA INK.

IT is a well known fact, that many historical productions in manuscript, are to be found in China, written long before the Art of Printing was known in any part of the world, notwithstanding which their original legibility and colour remain. That the Easterns always use what is called the INDIAN or CHINA INK, (applied with a hair pencil) is a circumstance sufficiently attested, and its remarkable property for retaining a perpetual blackness is well known. The Ink above mentioned, possesses, for Writing, Engrossing, and Sketching Outlines with a Pen, &c. all the properties of the Indian Ink; it is therefore recommended with the utmost confidence to MERCHANTS, BROKERS, & ATTORNEYS, and to all who would have their writing appear, not only beautiful at first, but perpetually continue black and legible.

☞ Sold in BOTTLES, with the signature and seal of the Patentee, by WILLIAM LEHMAN & Co. Druggists, No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern.

MAY 23.

EDUCATION.

BRITON ESTILL

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual both Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

APRIL 25, 1801. 1gt.